

THE BICENTENNIAL OF NEW GLOUCESTER



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The bicentennial of New
Gloucester

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THE BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF
NEW GLOUCESTER, MAINE

THE BICENTENNIAL OF NEW GLOUCESTER

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE CELEBRATION OF
THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF
THE COMING OF THE FIRST SETTLERS



PUBLISHED BY
THE NEW GLOUCESTER, MAINE, HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MCMXLV

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FOREWORD

I*T IS a matter of much regret that an account of the Bicentennial Celebration could not have appeared several years ago. Now, however, even though economic conditions are unfavorable, active plans for publication are being made.*

We wish to express our deep appreciation of the unremitting efforts of Mr. Sidney A. McIntire, who was then Chairman of the Board of Trustees, to make the observance of the anniversary a success. And we would record here, also, the fact that his loyal interest in preparing the material for this book has made its publication possible. Some historical matter has been added by the Committee on Publication.

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

New Gloucester, Maine
May, 1945

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At a meeting of a Number of ye Inhabitance of
the town of Abolaster on Tuesday ye 14th of December - 1735
said meeting then given a petition to the General Court in
order for ye grant of a township of eight miles above
the town of North Armouth adjoining to the north side
of said town and to the new right on the North side of
Royals River. Called this meeting on ye aforesaid day voted
that Capt. Joseph Allen should carry a petition to ye General
Court John Roberts was voted to be the treasurer for that
proposition Creech. Day was voted to be Clerk for the same
By the Voters whose Names are here under written -

Diac. Cueleth
James Davis
Joseph Allen
Creech. Day
Sam^l Stevens
Aaron Bray
Benj. B. Treat

Philemon Warner
Philemon Warner Jun^r
Nathaniel Warner
Joseph Hardin
Thomas Oaks
Jonathan Fingersel
Ebenzer Parsons
Jacob Parsons

Timothy Day
David Plumb
Nath^l Sargent
Thomas Bray Jun^r
John Riggs
Benjamin Haskell
John Smith
John White

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

I

INTRODUCTION

ON MARCH 27, 1736, the General Court of His Majesty's Province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, granted a petition¹ of sixty inhabitants of Gloucester, in the Province, for a township six miles square to the Eastward, northeast of North Yarmouth, or where it could best be spared. Eventually, the township was given its present location. A survey was made and the plan accepted by the General Court, which then confirmed the grant. The persons who received the grant became the *proprietors* of the township and its affairs were directed by them. The records of their meetings are the main source of the information we have about the early history² of the settlement. In them we read that John Millet was sent by the proprietors to make a "good way" from Cousins River in North Yarmouth on the east side of Royall's³ River to the meeting-house lot in the new township, and to build a bridge across the river. The location of this bridge was probably near that of the present bridge, sometimes referred to as Woodman's bridge. They tell among other things of the naming of the township;

¹ The original petition is not in the file of the Archives Division of the Secretary's Office in the State House, Boston, and the belief is expressed there that it has been lost. However, the Record of the meeting at which the petition was drawn up and the vote taken authorizing Captain Joseph Allen, Gloucester's Representative, to carry the petition to the General Court is now the prized possession of Mr. Fred P. Haskell, a member of the Historical Society. This Record is beyond a doubt the oldest document in existence relating to the history of the town. A portion of it has been reproduced on the opposite page.—Ed.

² See, also, Babson's *History of the Town of Gloucester, Cape Ann*.—Ed.

³ This is the preferable spelling. The river was named after William Royall, one of the first English settlers in Yarmouth. See Rowe's *Ancient North Yarmouth and Yarmouth, Maine*.—Ed.

the divisions ⁴ of the land; plans for settlement; the coming of the first settlers in 1739; efforts to rebuild the settlement after its destruction during the French and Indian War; the construction of roads, the building of the sawmill, the grist mill, the block house,⁵ the first schoolhouse, the meeting-house; the call of the first minister, the Reverend Samuel Foxcroft; and, finally, of the success of the settlement. The story does not of course appear in the records in narrative form, but is told through the votes of the proprietors. Yet it is none the less an impressive story.

The original records of the proprietors were destroyed by fire according to tradition. But, fortunately, in 1802 the Town, anticipating such a possibility, had authorized Captain Nathaniel Eveleth to make a transcript of them. This transcript is still in existence, having been for many years in the possession of his great-grandson, Mr. Nathaniel Eveleth. In 1904 the Town voted to have made a typewritten copy of Mr. Eveleth's transcript. This is kept in the selectmen's office.

It is in the transcription by Captain Eveleth that we learn of the first written mention of the name of our town in American history, when, at a meeting in Gloucester on February 27, 1737, the proprietors voted to call the new township New Gloucester.

Thirty-eight years after receiving the grant, the proprietors petitioned the General Court of the Province for the passage of an act of incorporation. The petition was granted on September 7, 1774. The qualified voters of the township as-

⁴ In surveying the land for the first division of lots the starting point was a corner of Lot No. 1 on the east side of the road to Harris Hill. Its location is marked by a section of iron pipe just inside the stone wall about ten and one-half feet from the end of the wall on the south side of the entrance to the yard of the homestead of the late William P. True.—Ed.

⁵ The building was completed in 1754. By 1787 the need for it had passed, and it was sold in that year for seven bushels of corn. When the building was taken down some of the lumber came into the hands of Nicholas Rideout. One of the planks, a real if not a decorative antique, was for many years the property of his son, the late John W. Rideout. At the time the latter's estate was settled the plank came into the possession of Mr. W. H. Greeley, who gave it to the Historical Society. It is temporarily in the custody of the Cumberland Lodge of Masons.—Ed.

sembled in the meeting-house and chose the necessary town officers, thereby giving completion to the act of the General Court and making New Gloucester a new political unit in the Province.

On the hundredth anniversary of the first corporate meeting, September 7, 1874, there was a notable celebration of the event at the site of the "Old Block House." It was estimated at the time that over twenty-five hundred persons were in attendance. A full account of the celebration will be found in a book entitled *The New Gloucester Centennial* by T. H. Haskell.

A sesquicentennial celebration of the incorporation of the town was held in 1924, also at the site of the Block House. This celebration was more elaborate than its predecessor and lasted for two days. Mrs. Florence Hunt Nelson has given a detailed and most interesting account of it in *The New Gloucester Book*. A scrapbook containing newspaper accounts of the celebration and an album of pictures taken at the time are in the Public Library.

To carry through successfully the extensive program of the sesquicentennial celebration many committees had to be appointed. A few years after the celebration the members of these committees met for a reunion, first at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Nelson, on Bald Hill, and later at the homes of other members. During these meetings the opinion was often expressed that there ought to be a local historical society. At length this sentiment was crystallized by the formation of the New Gloucester Historical Society. At a meeting on September 7, 1934, the Society voted to incorporate. Mr. John Woodman Rideout, who for over twenty years had been the Town Clerk and through whose civic loyalty and perseverance the sesquicentennial celebration became a reality, was elected the first president.

The objects of the Historical Society are set forth in part as follows in the Articles of Incorporation:

Voted that the purposes of the corporation be as follows:
To inform, instruct, and educate present and future citizens of the town of New Gloucester and any and all other inter-

ested persons in and concerning the history of the town and to that end to collect, preserve, reproduce, publish and disseminate knowledge concerning any and all available books, manuscripts, maps, plans, records, relics and things whatsoever connected with or relating to the settlement, incorporation and subsequent existence of the town of New Gloucester and the lives, pursuits and achievements of its inhabitants.

Also, to acquire and hold by purchase, gift, devise, bequest or in any other lawful manner any and all lands and buildings or parts thereof in the town of New Gloucester which are of historical interest by reason of their former location, use, or ownership, or are necessary or convenient for the conduct of the affairs of the Corporation and the care and preservation of its other properties. . . .

Among the members of the Historical Society who have a flair for delving into the records of the past is Mr. Mortimer E. Blair. It was he who first brought to the attention of the members the approaching two hundredth anniversary of the coming of the first settlers to the township. In the belief that the aims of the Historical Society would be furthered thereby, the Society voted, at the annual meeting on September 7, 1938, to celebrate the coming anniversary in an appropriate manner. It was voted, also, that the celebration should be held on September 3 and 4 (Labor Day), 1939. All other plans were left in the hands of the Board of Trustees of the Society.—Ed.

II

PREPARATIONS FOR THE CELEBRATION

THE Board of Trustees proceeded to make preparations for the celebration in accordance with the vote of the Historical Society. At a meeting in July, 1939, it was decided to invite the entire citizenry of the town to participate in the celebration and thereby create widespread interest in it and a desire to cooperate. Then a General Committee was appointed, consisting of representatives from the several sections of the town. A meeting of this committee was called for the evening of July 17 at the Selectmen's office for a general discussion of plans. At this meeting the following special committees were chosen:

COMMITTEE ON FINANCE

S. Clifton Clark, *Chairman*
Lewis P. True
Rolvin W. McIntire
Ruth S. Burton
Alice T. Woodbury
Helen Small
Everett C. Wells

COMMITTEE ON PUBLICITY

Mrs. Lewis P. True, *Chairman*
Annie T. Berry
Georgia J. Ayer

COMMITTEE ON PARADE

Clarence L. McCann, *Chairman*
Mortimer E. Blair
Millard F. Marston
Carl M. Tufts
Omar W. Francis
F. Howard Emery

COMMITTEE ON ANTIQUES

Mrs. John G. Fowler, *Chairman*

Mortimer E. Blair
Mrs. William D. Alexander
John G. Fowler
Margaret C. Livingston
Charles P. Chandler

COMMITTEE ON DECORATIONS

Mrs. Paul L. Woodbury, *Chairman*
Rhoda A. McIntire
Natalie R. Hood

COMMITTEE ON SPORTS

Harry P. True, *Chairman*
Harry T. Merrill
Asa D. Hodgkin

COMMITTEE ON BAND

Paul L. Woodbury, *Chairman*

COMMITTEE ON SUNDAY PROGRAM

Morning service in the Congregational Church, the
Reverend Jellison N. Lello, the Minister
Evening concert at the Congregational Church, Mrs.
Ida T. McIlroy

Thereafter, meetings were held each week alternating between the Upper and Lower Villages, the chairman of the Board of Trustees acting as chairman.

From the very first a spirit of whole-hearted helpfulness was manifested and utmost harmony characterized the discussions. At one of the later meetings another special committee, of which Mrs. Helen M. Strout was chairman, was chosen to serve light refreshments in the Congregational Vestry. It was thought that the Town Hall might not accommodate all who might wish to be served at the dinner, which the gracious and ever-dependable Ladies' Circle had undertaken to serve there.

The Committees on Finance and Publicity were the first to function. The Committee on Finance, of which the Trustees were honorary members, canvassed the town for funds. Contributions from this source and from friends outside were

most satisfactory and made it possible to carry through successfully all plans for the celebration. The Committee on Publicity compiled a mailing list of about four hundred persons to whom invitations to attend the celebration were sent. Bumper cards to advertise the event were obtained for automobiles. Mr. John G. Fowler designed a poster with a historic motif which was widely distributed. Commemorative badges were ordered.

Mr. McCann and his assistants on the Parade Committee, realizing fully the difficulty of their assignment, worked hard in developing plans for a parade.

Mrs. Fowler offered the use of her beautiful old colonial home for the display of antiques and heirlooms. She and her associates on the committee began to solicit and list exhibits to be gathered from all parts of the town.

Mrs. Woodbury and the members of her committee canvassed the Upper and Lower Villages in the interest of building decorations. Many persons responded. Later the presence of the decorations contributed much to the physical setting of the celebration.

Rehearsals for an Old Folks' Concert were begun early by Mrs. McIlroy.

Mrs. Mary Morgan Hobart, president of the Historical Society and a former resident of the town, was unable to be present until a short time before the celebration; but her expressed wishes in regard to the program were carried out by the Trustees. Mrs. Hobart contributed both funds and effort in generous measure. She wrote a pageant portraying the settlement and early history of the town which was presented under the direction of Mrs. Mary B. Chipman and Mrs. Ruth Rideout Wills.

During the closing weeks of preparation there was great activity on all sides. The Selectmen were most helpful and aid was given to the committees by the younger men and boys. A flagpole was contributed by Mr. McCann, fitted by Mr. Otis H. Campbell, and raised by the aid of the Pine Tree Telephone men and equipment. Materials for a new plat-

form outside the Vestry were contributed by the C. E. Thurston Grain Company, the Morin Brick Company, the Leander Mosher Lumber Company, the B. S. Parsons Grocery Store, the Farmers' Union Store, and Mrs. Marie J. Cole. The work was directed by Mr. Barza L. Goff and Mr. Richard J. Combellack, and was facilitated by the use of a concrete mixer made possible by a donation from Mr. Roland C. Chandler. The horsesheds at the rear of the church, mute reminders of the passing of the "horse-and-buggy days," were taken down.

The program of the celebration is given on the opposite page.

Program

SUNDAY, *September 3*

- 10:30 A.M. In the Congregational Church
Divine service conducted by the Reverend Jellison N. Lello, the minister, assisted by the Reverends A. C. Townsend and Emerson Blodgett
- 2:30 P.M. In the Universalist Church at Bear Brook
Divine service conducted by the Reverend Eleanor B. Forbes, a former pastor
- 7:30 P.M. In the Congregational Church
An Old Folks' Concert, conducted by Mrs. Ida T. McIlroy, assisted by Mrs. L. T. Cushing

MONDAY, *September 4*

- 9:30 A.M. At the Town Hall
Flag raising
Address by the Honorable Donald C. Chandler,
Representative to the Eighty-ninth Maine Legislature.
Exercises by the American Legion Post, of Gray
- 10:00 A.M. Parade
The parade forms at the Lower Village
Award of prizes for floats
- 12:00-2:00 P.M. In the Town Hall
Dinner served by the Ladies' Circle
Light lunch at the Congregational Vestry
Registration at the Congregational Church under
the supervision of Mrs. Warren W. Tufts
Exhibit of antiques at the home of Mr. and Mrs.
John G. Fowler
Concert by the Windham Kiwanis Band
Games of horseshoes on church grounds
- 2:00 P.M. In the Congregational Church
Presentation of a historical pageant, written by
Mrs. Mary Morgan Hobart
- 3:15 P.M. Address by the Honorable Guy Hayden Sturgis,
Associate Justice of the Maine Supreme Judicial
Court
- 8:00 P.M. In the New Grange Hall
An Old-fashioned Dance

III

THE ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES

EVENTS OF THE FIRST DAY

SUNDAY morning dawned as fair as one could have wished, greatly to the joy of the townsfolk and of the many friends who had journeyed from afar to combine a weekend and holiday visit with the anticipated enjoyment of the anniversary exercises.

The day's program began with a special service at the Congregational Church. The minister, the Reverend Jellison N. Lello, officiated, assisted by the Reverend Arthur C. Townsend, a retired minister residing in the town, and by the Reverend Emerson Blodgett, a former minister of the Church. Special music was rendered by a large choir. Mr. Lello preached the sermon to a congregation that filled the auditorium to overflowing.

In the afternoon a service was held in the Universalist Church at Bear Brook where a large congregation listened most intently to a reminiscent sermon by the Reverend Eleanor B. Forbes, a former minister. This service was of special interest to many because of their own membership or attendance or that of their parents many years ago. Miss Forbes, who was greatly beloved during her pastorate here, touched the heartstrings of all present in her feeling references to the faithful and devoted members of her parish. The church rang with the old hymns sung to the accompaniment on the organ by Miss Sara A. Chandler. At the conclusion of the service, the child of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Snow of Pownal was baptized. Mr. Snow had been baptized by Miss Forbes during her pastorate. This service was one long to be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be present.

In the evening a large audience gathered again at the Congregational Church to hear an Old Folks' Concert given under the supervision of Mrs. Ida T. McIlroy. She had long

deplored the lack of knowledge of the old music by the young people of the town. She had labored most diligently to produce this concert in which she featured the music of Father Kemp. She invited Mrs. L. T. Cushing of Gray, an accomplished conductor, to direct the chorus. Several others from Gray participated in the concert and added materially to its success. Mr. Arthur N. Pettingill and Mr. Otis Parker generously contributed their talent on the violin.

It was generally agreed that the concert was a great success and that it brought to a fitting close the program of a perfect autumn sabbath.

EVENTS OF THE SECOND DAY

About nine o'clock in the morning the people began to gather in increasing numbers at the Lower Village. Meanwhile, the Parade Committee was busily engaged in organizing its units. With the arrival of the Gray Post of the American Legion, which had kindly consented to assist at the flag raising, the formal exercises of the day began in front of the Town Hall.⁶

⁶ This building was erected in 1886, and the first annual meeting was held there in the following year. The first Town House stood in the now vacant lot on the west of the Harris Hill road and by the side of Marsh's brook. It was originally the first Baptist meeting-house. It was built in 1804 according to the Reverend John Rounds who gave this date in a historical discourse on *The Baptist Church in New-Gloucester*, which was issued as a pamphlet by J. B. Foster of Portland in 1857. In the fall of 1838 a committee was appointed by the Town to study the problem of providing a place for holding the town meetings, since some persons thought it not to be legal to hold them in a meeting-house. The committee recommended the purchase of the old Baptist meeting-house, and on November 26 the Town voted to buy the building, the price to be paid being \$300. On the end of the building next to the road was a small porch through which one entered the assembly room on the first floor or went by a flight of stairs on either side to a second floor from which several steps led to a hall. At the back of the hall was a stage. For many years this hall served the citizens as a sort of community center. The building was sold in 1886 to James M. Thompson, and by him to A. Loring Richards. He had the building taken down in the same year and the lumber was used by him in building a barn. But a seat, back, and several pew ends, each of a single piece of pine, were preserved and are now owned by Mr. Earle R. Richards of Millinocket, Maine.

On the authority of the late Charles A. Winslow it can be stated that the porch of the meeting-house was moved to the farm across the road from his home where it was used for a tool house.

(Continued on next page)

Mr. Frank Cummings, who was ninety years of age, raised the flag and the firing squad of the Post fired a salute. The Honorable Donald C. Chandler, Representative to the Eighty-ninth Maine Legislature, then made an appropriate address, which closed the formal program of the morning. The new flag atop the pole was a beautiful sight which, at a time when the world was in such a chaotic condition, inspired all by thoughts of the blessings of freedom and peace.

The weather, which had been unsettled in the early morning, now cleared. The sun came out to contribute its share to the pleasure of all for the remainder of the day.

The line of floats and cars which had been forming in the meantime now reached from the New Grange Hall to the Corner. The Windham Kiwanis Band arrived and took its position at the head of the line, then the Legion "boys" fell in, and the parade started toward the Upper Village. There it made a circuit of the Corner and then returned to the Lower Village where it disbanded. The many spectators along the route gave evidence of their appreciation and enjoyment by frequent applause.

Traffic was ably handled by the Chief of Police, Harlan L. Emery, and his assistants, Leon Tripp and Charles Hodgkin.

After the return of the parade the judges, Mr. Robert T. Searles, Mrs. Orie Fogg Laughton, and Mr. Arthur Edwards announced the following winners of prizes for excellence of floats: first prize, Sabbathday Lake Grange; second prize, Pownal Boy Scouts; third prize, Pine Tree Telephone and Telegraph Co.

The prizes having been awarded, everybody adjourned to the Town Hall for dinner. But the collective appetite proved to be greater than the supply of food provided, so many repaired to the Vestry to partake of the lowly hot dog, hamburgers, doughnuts, cake, ice cream, and soft drinks, which

Before the Baptist Society sold its meeting-house to the Town it had erected a second building in 1837, at a cost of \$2,500. This was located on the site of the residence of the late Charles Peleg Chandler, who, when about to build, bought the church and land, moved the building back, and converted it into a barn.—Ed.

Mrs. Helen M. Strout and her committee had prepared.

Dinner over, hundreds visited the historic home of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Fowler to see the collection of antiques. No more appropriate building in town could have been selected for this display. It was built for the Reverend Samuel Foxcroft, who came here in 1765 as the first settled minister in the new township. It is the oldest complete house in the town and is a beautiful example of the architecture of the period. A list and description of all the items in the exhibit would fill a sizeable catalogue. Mention is made here of only a very few: Grandma's room with furnishings of colonial days, Parson Foxcroft's pulpit, a Martha Washington chair made of inlaid mahogany with tapestry upholstery, an Eli Terry clock (dating from 1810-1816), and a plank from the Block House. If anybody had ever doubted the need of a commodious, fireproof structure in which to house the large number of priceless antiques in our town he would certainly have been convinced of it by a visit to this exhibition. This feature was one of the high lights of the celebration.

For those who were so inclined, facilities for games of horseshoes were provided in the church yard, and during the afternoon many engaged in this old standby of rural sports.

Between the meal hour and the beginning of the program for the afternoon, the Band gave a concert on the church grounds while visitors and townsfolk renewed old associations or discussed the topics of the day.

By two o'clock a capacity audience had assembled in the Congregational Church. Governor Lewis O. Barrows, the Mayor of Gloucester, Massachusetts, and the ex-Mayor of Gloucester, the Honorable William J. MacInnis, who was present at the sesquicentennial, had been invited to attend, but all were unable to come.

The exercises opened with the presentation of a historical pageant written by Mrs. Mary Morgan Hobart, one of New Gloucester's daughters. The performance of the pageant was worthy of all praise and reflected great credit on the author, the directors, and the cast.

Justice Guy Hayden Sturgis, who was orator of the day at the sesquicentennial celebration, then gave a felicitous address. It was greatly appreciated by the audience whose pride in New Gloucester's own sons found added satisfaction in the presence of this eminent example.

Then Mr. Harry Parker, who, in the costume of an old town crier, had announced the events of the day, rang his bell vigorously outside the church and made the welcome announcement that a second performance of the pageant would be given directly. Thus a goodly number of persons who had been unable to witness the pageant were now given an opportunity to do so.

The program was completed about half past four o'clock and people dispersed to the homes of friends or to their own where family duties or chores awaited them.

At eight o'clock in the evening the Old-fashioned Dance got under way in the New Grange Hall. This dance had not been planned for originally, but some of the General Committee thought that it would be an appropriate close to the celebration. Members of a Volunteer Committee, who had already served on regular committees, worked with a will to carry out the hastily made plans. Natalie Hood and Rhoda McIntire decorated the hall, while Clarence McCann, Paul Woodbury, and Millard Marston attended to other details. The dance proved a great success both socially and financially, and the members of the committee received deserved commendation for their conduct of the affair.

It was not the intention of the Board of Trustees to conduct this celebration as a profit-making undertaking, but it was hoped that sufficient funds would be received to meet expenses. However, through the generosity of contributors and the prudence of the committees it was possible to turn over a substantial sum to the Treasurer of the Historical Society. This money will be used eventually, it is hoped, toward the construction of a fireproof building for housing the large number of items of great historical interest which are now scattered in the homes of our people.

IV

THE SERMON

By THE REVEREND JELLISON N. LELLO

THEME: *An Abiding Faith for a Changing World*

THERE is a mystical spirit permeating this sanctuary on this Sabbath morning. I sense it as you do. I feel it creeping over me and covering me like a blanket, warming me with its deep spirit of reverence. It is as if time were rolled back and we were all standing looking at one another in a new and changed perspective. You are thinking backward as I am this morning. Many of you are looking up toward me but you do not see me. You see another generation, another day, when you, as a child, sat by your father's and mother's side and saw a different man behind this pulpit. And with ears tuned to your memories you hear the words of these noble men of God once more as they speak to you rebukingly, persuasively, and lovingly of God and the Christ. And your silent prayers this morning are lifted up in thanksgiving for their unswerving devotion to this Church.

There are those of you who sit here and see, not the new faces and the familiar faces, but the faces of those who have gone before. And I believe if Samuel Foxcroft were standing in my place this morning he would look out upon this congregation and recognize many of you as grandchildren of his own loyal parishioners, those men and women who built this church, and worshipped their God and tilled the land. The settler of this town of New Gloucester hacked his way through virgin wilderness and fought off disease and hunger, and marauding bands of Indians to give to us this land of promise. And so it is to the Pioneer that I turn this morning for my message, for the pioneer is the hinge that opens the door to the history of this town and its future life.

1. Things have changed from what they once were and they are continually changing. Many of you see a big change

in New Gloucester from what it used to be. The old Inter-urban is gone now, but it once flourished as an enterprise and brought business to the town. Families have moved out and new ones have come in. Change after change has taken place and there are those who do not like these rapid changes. Their desire is to cling to the past, intolerant of change.

But there are others who disregard the past. They want things to move forward and become modern, and they become impatient at any delay.

For those who do not welcome a change I say they must accept it. And for those who are impatient, let them take their time. Each would do well to look back and see what has gone before. Our forefathers changed things, yes, but they did it slowly, deliberately, and surely. They did not forget what had gone before. They drew upon the resourceful experiences of the past to guide them in plans for the future and we must do likewise.

To be sure, there are many things that they did which we can not condone. But I believe the spirit of the settlers of New Gloucester renders us a service similar to that of the rear-view mirror in a car — it enables us to look back and see what is behind us while we are going forward. That was the first lesson my father taught me when I first learned to drive. He told me to use my rear-view mirror as often as I used my forward vision. “Know what is behind you. If there is a car behind, then you can take care not to be bumped by him as you make your turns.” I learned my lesson well. A car seldom passes me on the highway without my knowing, before it goes by, where it is from, the make of the car, and the number of people in it.

So in our daily walks of life here in New Gloucester, we must take that backward look. That backward look will prevent us from veering toward the novel and the radical, and it will prevent us from being bumped by some old fallacy coming behind. “Progress is made through capitalizing on the wisdom of the past.” We need the long look backward to give us wisdom and assurance for the future. If we look at

our own generation, our own scene, we get pessimistic; but when our eyes sweep the long cavalcade which has come down from the past we find there a faith that will hold against all time.

Karl Wilhelm Humboldt, who died over one hundred years ago, once made this remarkable statement: "The things of the world are ever rising and falling, and in perpetual change; and this change must be according to the will of God, as He has bestowed upon man neither the wisdom nor the power to enable him to check it. The great lesson in these things is that a man must strengthen himself doubly at such times to fulfill his duty and to do what is right, and must seek his happiness and inward peace from that which can not be taken from him."

The lives of our forefathers should inspire within us a firm will to grasp the faith that built this church. Faith can not be taken from us. Faith endures through change. In their fellowship together here in this wilderness, the people found much of pure joy. They were out in the open. They gloried in the fair face of the fields and the winged birds of the air. They looked at the red sunset in the sky and read the signs. They watched the numberless stars as they marched across the night. And they were alone—alone except that they lived in their sure faith of an everlasting God. Faith is not an impractical thing, as they have proven. Faith works! They did not build this church nor this town for themselves alone. They built it for their children and their children's children, and for all generations to come. And they built it, believing too, that you would not "let them down." They had faith to believe that you would carry on the work they had begun. This town and this church are a monument to their faith. This church is a house where God and ourselves may unite together for guidance and religion. Our duty is to maintain their faith. And to maintain that faith requires a faith of our own. But our faith will come only when our will is obedient to the will of God. When man so

desires, he opens his heart and mind for God's revelation and it is then that faith is born in man. Where faith is weak and uncertain life is bound to be confused.

The old Prophets learned the way to faith. The Bible is filled with stories of victorious faith. Again and again faith has brought mankind out of chaos and confusion. Today the world needs faith in God, in His purpose for human life. When the Church seeks to establish faith in God, then it prays for faith; when it resolutely sets its will and refuses to let go until faith comes, faith does come and the people are strengthened and fortified to face any uncertainty. Faith is of that spirit that attempts the impossible; faith is that spirit that steers toward the ports that are out of sight; faith has in it that which creates out of the non-existent, something worthy to abide.

This is what the founders of New Gloucester had. This is what we must know and carry on. When we learn the faith of our fathers we can face a world "gone mad."

2. But the pioneer had much to do on his own initiative. It was an individual affair with him. The pioneers of New Gloucester came here in a small band and each member of that band had to work for himself. They did not need the complex organization that we have today. For example: Our traffic laws must take a different slant from the "horse-and-buggy day" law. Traffic control must be organized. Again: We can no longer leave charity to the lone Samaritan. The unemployed and the homeless and the hungry number thousands. They must be clothed and fed, and organizations are planned for this purpose. Then, too, in the "little red schoolhouse" where twelve or fifteen children made up the nine grades, it was not a problem to care for them in case of fire. But today, in our modern schools where there are hundreds of children in one building, there has to be an organized fire drill and the pupils must know the routine and practice it.

This is true of everything. If we are to live and move in our complex and crowded modern world we must have organization and plans. And this applies in the Church as well.

This Church, at one time, did not feel it necessary to take up a morning offering. But that was due to the fact that one or two families with the wealth kept the church going. That sort of a system has to change in this day. If a church is to grow and move forward it must be organized and coöperative. The finances of the Church cannot be left to the loyal few any longer. It is not an individual affair; it is an organized and highly cooperative enterprise or it fails and its doors must close.

Roger W. Babson has written a book called *Religion and Business*. In it he makes a statement like this, "If the average business were run as the average Church is run it would go into the hands of the receiver in six months' time." And he goes on to say that "for the very reason the Church continues to go on generation after generation, century after century, in spite of its defect, that in itself is vital evidence for the conclusion that the Church has within itself something you will not find in any other institution."

The pioneer stood for simplicity. His habit of life was unostentatious, thrifty, democratic, plain. But today we have come upon a degree of luxury in American life, of tasteless extravagance and competitive foolishness, which has tainted our social life with sensualism. I have heard it said that the greatness of Israel's glory lay, not in its achievements, but in its unconscious preparation for a better future. And this applies not alone to Israel, but to our forefathers as well. They built in preparation for the better future. We must take the pioneer ideals and fit them to this changing world of our time.

Reverend Henry O. Worthley, fifteen years ago, said to this congregation, "What a great part the Church has played in making and keeping this town one that is distinguished as a typical old New England village of the finer type." That is our responsibility today. Macaulay once wrote, "A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of its ancestors, will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by its descendants." I lay that down as an axiom to

be remembered by all of us. The church is necessary to to the life of any town and its individuals. Our personal religious habits are vitalized by our common worship. If our forefathers had not believed this they would not have left this church as a reminder. The church is necessary. "We are like ships in a lock. The sluice gate is closed as the vessel comes in at a lower level, and the sluice gate is thrown open before it. Then the water comes up under the keel, lifting the ship to a higher level, and as it goes through the lock it sails off safely." So, when man comes into the House of God he closes his mind to his secular affairs and opens it on the Godward side. Then the inspirations of God flow into him like the waters of life and he is lifted to a higher plane, whence he sets sail again, better able to carry his responsibilities.

I prophesy that this town will grow, not in comparison to a city, it will never be that, but it will be a haven of rest for the tired and weary business man. All who chance to visit this town find here a sort of peace and quiet that is difficult to find elsewhere. This town will grow as a residential district if the spirit of the pioneer inspires us to keep faith in this town. But the pioneer could not maintain his faith without the church and the Spirit of God.

Reverend Frank Fitt said, "When the currents of a civilization are flowing easily, undisturbed by any rapids or whirlpools, the tendency is for people to lose the deeper convictions and the sterner disciplines." This generation is apt to take things easy and assume that peace and contentment and security will last forever. It is similar to the experience of coming indoors on a frosty night and finding the warm fireplace affecting us. We have settled ourselves before its warmth and its peace, and our energy has slackened. Somehow the energy of the frosty past has been weaned from us, as we have settled ourselves before the genial conditions of the present time. The pioneer's faith, like his climate, was harsh, but it was bracing. His God, like his soul, was hard, but it was a God who made him do his duty when that duty,

also, was hard. And so the blessings of the present have their roots in that sterner past. We do not outgrow the past, we *grow out of* the past.

We must recognize the fact that this is a time of great change and we must rethink our message of God. For us of today that means a new awareness of the spiritual Christ. We need a definite sense of the living divine Spirit illuminating our ways. If this is the heritage that we are to pass on then these years of tumult and confusion are also years of meaning and reward.

Faith of our Fathers, God's great power
Shall win all nations unto Thee;
And, through the truth that comes from God,
Mankind shall then indeed be free;
Faith of our Fathers Holy faith,
We will be true to Thee till death.

The summary of our lesson learned from the pioneer is this: The faith of our fathers must be our faith. The ideals of our fathers must be made to fit into this new order of things. The spirit of God must be kept flowing through this community by means of this Church. And the pioneer counsels us to keep an abiding faith for these changing times.

THE PAGEANT OF NEW GLOUCESTER

By MARY MORGAN HOBART

LIFE for the pioneers of New Gloucester was a constant struggle for existence against the prowling Indians and savage beasts. Today their descendants and others are enjoying the fruits of those hardships. Now we are to turn back the pages of history and trace the story of New Gloucester from the coming of the first white settler to the time when this then Province of Maine was admitted to the Union as a state.

That first settler was Jonas Mason. Others followed in his footsteps—those intrepid men of Cape Ann who blazed a trail through the wilderness for a home, not only for themselves but for the generations to come. This day, as we look about us, gratitude fills our hearts and minds for what they gave to us, their descendants.

Mr. John J. Babson, the historian of Gloucester, Massachusetts, tells us that the main reason for this trek into the wilderness was that nearly all the arable land in this region was under cultivation, so that nothing was left for the youth of that time but the sea. We shall now turn our attention to Gloucester, Massachusetts, and see Jonas Mason in the setting of his youth. The first scene represents the home of David Mason, Jonas's father. As the scene opens we see Mrs. Mason, familiarly called "Aunt Martha," sitting near the table, knitting. The time is October, 1735.

The characters in this and the three following scenes are:

MR. DAVID MASON	Mr. Walter Berry
MRS. DAVID MASON	Mrs. Warren Tufts
JONAS MASON	Mr. Arthur G. Thompson
MR. HASKELL	Mr. Lewis True
MRS. HASKELL	Miss Alma Tripp
SALLY HASKELL	Miss Helen Small
DEBORAH PARSONS	Mrs. Ruth Burton

ACT I

SCENE I

The Masons' sitting room, with an old-fashioned lamp on the table; a book or two; four or five chairs. MRS. MASON sits by the table, knitting. A door is heard to close and a voice is heard.

SALLY. Where are you, Aunt Martha?

MRS. MASON. Here in the sitting room, child. Come right in.

[Enter SALLY HASKELL, a girl of eighteen or twenty.]

SALLY. I have brought you a pig's liver, Aunt Martha. We butchered yesterday and mother sent it over. You know since Silas went to sea, no one eats it at our house.

MRS. MASON. That was real nice of your mother. We all like it here. It will be our dinner tomorrow. How is mother?

SALLY. Pretty good, but she does worry about Silas since he went on Captain Jones's sailing vessel—so afraid he'll be lost at sea. She wants him to settle down, have a home and be a farmer, as the men of the family have done for so many years. But you know all the farm land has been taken up and going to sea seems to be all there is to do. He just could not get work, so Capt. Jones took him on. Jonas was lucky to hire out on the Pulcifer place.

MRS. MASON. Yes, he was, but he feels a bit uncertain since John Pulcifer came home. John doesn't like the sea, so Jonas feels he may decide to stay at home and work on his father's farm. That would throw Jonas out of work, for the two of them would not be needed; but it ain't decided yet—leastways they ain't said anything yet.

[A door is heard to close and JONAS enters.]

JONAS. Hello, mother. How do you do, Sally?

[JONAS sits down nonchalantly, after a pause, then speaks.]

JONAS. Well, when the *Nancy Parsons* sails next time, the Captain will have a second mate. John is going to stay at home on the farm. They don't need two men, so here I be. Father don't need me now that Davie is big enough to take a hand at the farm work. I don't like the sea, neither.

[DAVID MASON *enters*.]

DAVID. Well, well, mother. Havin' a party? Hello, Sally. Well, Jonas, what brings you here at this time of day?

JONAS. Well, you see, father, John has decided he ain't goin' in the vessel no more, so Mr. Pulcifer paid me, and I don't know what next.

DAVID. As I come along I met Nat Eveleth. He, too, thinks we must do something for you boys. He says there's a movement on foot here in the town to see if the General Court of the Province of Massachusetts Bay won't give some land for a township, mebbe to the east'ard. There ain't any cleared land to speak of hereabout that ain't already taken. His boy Bill is in the same fix that you are in, Jonas, and others, too, that I could name.

SALLY. And they would make a home in the wilderness! My, but think of the Indians!

DAVID. I know, Sally, but the time has come when we must make a move. Some day this is going to be a big country and we shall be the pioneers—and pioneers in any movement must take risks—yes, sometimes great risks. Of course we don't know yet how it will be, but the movement is on foot, and it does seem as if the time had come when we must do something to acquire more land and spread out a little.

JONAS. That is good news, father. I felt quite down-hearted when I first came in, but this does cheer me up.

DAVID. Well, son, just remember this: Here is your home. The crops this year will be good—plenty for us all. [*With a twinkle in his eye*] You might try one trip on the sea, just for the experience. Doings by the Court are slow, so it may be some time before a definite move is made.

SALLY. Oh, but the Indians!

JONAS. Well, by that time some settlement may be made so they will be more friendly. The French are the ones who are stirring them up. When the French and the English can agree on something, the Indians will go north again.

SALLY [*rising*]. I must be going home.

MRS. MASON. It was real nice of you to come over, Sally. Oh, David, Mrs. Haskell sent us a pig's liver. They butchered yesterday and Silas is the only one who eats it. Thank your mother, Sally, and tell her how much we shall enjoy it.

DAVID. Yes, indeed. I can about eat my weight in it any time.

MRS. MASON. Sally, tell your mother what Nat told David. That may cheer her up a bit about Silas.

[SALLY *says good-bye and leaves the room, followed by*
JONAS.]

MRS. MASON. Poor Jonas! I think he is fond of Sally, but as yet he has nothing to offer her.

DAVID. I know, mother, but they are both young. I do have hopes of that settlement being opened up to the eastward. Who knows? We may be driving Rosie or her colt down there some day to visit our grandchildren! Well, I'll go out to the barn and see to the stock.

MRS. MASON. And I'll go and see about supper.

[MR. MASON *goes out first. MRS. MASON winds up her yarn and then disappears.*]

SCENE II

ACT I

MRS. MASON *sits knitting. There is a dish of apples on the table. JONAS enters, takes an apple and sits down.*

JONAS. Where's father?

MRS. MASON. He's to the meeting of the proprietors. Seems to me he's been gone some time—a protracted meetin', I should say.

JONAS. Where did they meet—at Broom's Tavern?

MRS. MASON. No. I think this time it was at Ann Per-

kins'. They like her tavern. Your father says it's a nice sociable place.

JONAS. They are so slow in coming to any decision. It's all of three years since father came home that day after he had talked with Nat Eveleth; but then, I suppose it's better to go slow and be sure. I think now they have settled about the location, which seems much better than the first one, and so things are moving. How many proprietors are there?

MRS. MASON. I think your father said there were sixty, but that was some time ago. There may be more now. Here comes your father.

[*Enter* DAVID MASON.]

MRS. MASON. Well, you had a long meeting.

[DAVID MASON *sits, then speaks.*]

DAVID. Yes, we had much to talk over; and now the place is named. That was the main thing we did.

MRS. MASON. You did! Well, do tell us what it is.

DAVID. You would never guess. We spent some time in discussion. We tried names with North and East as the first part but nothing seemed to suit. We might have been there now if Solomon Pulcifer hadn't said, "It's a new town. Why not call it for the old one—New Gloucester?" And the vote on that was unanimous. John Millet is going down to make a good way from Cousins River to the lot in the new township, reserved for the church. Then we decided to give thirty pounds to any proprietor who next spring would go forward with a settlement for three years; twenty pounds for those who would go the next year; and ten pounds for the third year. I think, son, about next year, 1739, you may be able to go, if you still have the urge.

JONAS. Gee, father! I'm ready to go tomorrow if it means a home where I can take Sally!

[*All exeunt.*]

[*The following is to be read before SCENE III.*]

In 1739 the line between New Hampshire and Maine was fixed after a long dispute by the King and Council. Jonas Mason went that year, and it is recorded that he made a clearing on the easterly slope of what we today know as Harris Hill. Other men from Gloucester joined him. This scene shows the return of Silas Haskell, Jonas Mason's friend, to Gloucester, Massachusetts.

SCENE III

The sitting-room of the Masons. MR. and MRS. MASON are sitting by the table.

DAVID. We may hear some news, if the boat gets in from the north'ard.

MRS. MASON. I hope so. At times I feel so troubled about Jonas. You know the last we heard, the Indians were pretty bad.

DAVID. Yes, I know, mother.

[*Steps are heard outside and SILAS HASKELL enters—the Masons overjoyed to see him. MRS. MASON kisses him twice, saying.*]

MRS. MASON. One for you, Silas, and one for Jonas.

DAVID [*shaking SILAS's hand*]. Well, well, Silas, I'm glad to see you. I just said to mother here that it was pretty nearly time for the boat to get in, and I hoped some of you would be on it.

SILAS. Yes, Jonas and I drew lots and I won. I've come with a plan. I expect it will take your breath away, as it did the others'. Deborah and I are to be married here, then take Sally with us on our return; and at North Yarmouth Jonas and Sally will be married. We may have to stay there for a time, anyway, as the Indians are on our trail. We shall know when we meet Jonas. He said you would be disappointed to have us leave the town, but I think it will be the safer way. When things are a little more settled, we can go back.

MRS. MASON. But Silas, you do take my breath away! Two weddings! How does your mother feel about it. Will she let Sally go?

SILAS. Well, she was so relieved to see me and find that the Indians hadn't got my scalp, that she gave her consent, reluctantly, I'll admit. Sally is crazy to go. Deborah's father and mother couldn't see it at first, but now it is settled and, as I said, we expect to go back in two weeks.

MRS. MASON. Two weeks? Well, your mother and Mrs. Parsons will be busy.

SILAS [*rising*]. Well, I must be getting back. There's quite a lot to be done in two weeks. I'll see you again. Good night.
[*Exit SILAS.*]

MRS. MASON. Well, things do move fast now.

DAVID. They certainly do. If ever this war is over, I think they can go back to New Gloucester, for then the Indians will go north again.

MRS. MASON. I am glad the Haskells are letting Sally go. I shall feel so much happier about Jonas, to have Sally with him, and to have Deborah there too.

DAVID. Well, mother, it's time to go to bed. I'll put the cat out.

[*Both exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

Two weeks later. MR. and MRS. MASON seated in their sitting-room, as before. Enter SILAS and DEBORAH, her mother and father—SALLY with MR. and MRS. HASKELL—all with their wraps on. They are taking the boat back to the Province of Maine. There can be conversation fitted to the occasion—a bit of hubbub, with all talking.

DAVID [*taking SALLY's hand*]. A new country, my dear, a new home. May God's blessings go with you, Sally, we welcome you into the family. Jonas has won a prize, the same as you have, Silas. Some day, when you are settled in the new home, mother and I may drive the mare down and see the new town—child of our beloved Gloucester.

MR. HASKELL. I think, David, they can soon go back to New Gloucester. The French and English will soon make a settlement and then the Indians will quiet down. The French have made them their allies and are egging them on to do all the dastardly things they have done. They will need to build a block house and perhaps live there for a time.

SILAS. Well, we must be on our way.

[Good-byes may be said to fit the occasion and all exeunt.]

END OF ACT I

[*To be read before* ACT II]

In 1753-1754 the block house was built, places were made for the different families. Life was difficult, for with the Indians lurking about, they could not go far to cultivate the land. Hunting and fishing were precarious work, so at times rations were very meagre. Those who had built cabins on the cleared land were at times forced to take refuge in the stockade on very short notice, leaving their household goods behind. Many times those places were sacked and burned by the Indians.

John Millet had cleared land and built a cabin, up toward the Androscoggin River. Mr. Millet, his son and a young man working there, all of whom have been in the nearby fields, are coming in to supper. Inside the cabin, Mrs. Millet and her daughter are preparing the evening meal. As the men are washing at the bench, a woodsman comes toward them. He is also a hunter who learns the movements of the Redmen and reports to the settlers. He is called Scout, and is always welcome at the cabins in the clearings.

The characters for Act II are:

MR. MILLET.....	Omar Frances
MRS. MILLET.....	Agnes Sinclair
THE SCOUT.....	Clayton Tufts
ANNIE MILLET.....	Miss Audrey Nelson
GEORGE MILLET.....	Keith Williams
THE INDIAN.....	Ralph Chamberlain
HENRY WORTHLEY.....	Ronald Berry

ACT II

SCENE I

There are two basins on a bench, with towels on a nail. MR. MILLET and HENRY WORTHLY washing their faces and hands. GEORGE MILLET glancing back, sees the SCOUT—a dog following him would be nice.

GEORGE. Hey, pa, here's the Scout. [*He goes to meet him,*

shakes hands.] We were speaking about you the other day, saying you hadn't been round here for some time.

[MR. MILLET *and* HENRY *step out to meet him.*]

MR. MILLET. Well, well! We are glad to see you, Scout. Some time since you have been around. I smell supper—stop and have some.

SCOUT. Not tonight, Mr. Millet. . . . Is that your corn over there? [*Walks toward the corn, followed by MR. MILLET. When a little way from the house door they pause and the SCOUT continues.*] I came to warn you that the Indians are being rather too near for comfort. I feel sure they are planning some mischief. I think you had better move to the block house—not tonight, as I am a day ahead of them—but not later than tomorrow morning. They have been pretty bad to the south of us—a man in Yarmouth shot from his horse—and as I came along I found John Woodman's body—shot and scalped. A little farther on, another man so badly cut up I couldn't tell who he was.

MR. MILLET. Oh! We'd been free for some time and I hoped they had gone north again.

SCOUT. I stopped at the block house as I came along. John Stinchfield and John Megquier went hunting two days ago and haven't returned, so it is feared they may have met the same fate. In Falmouth it has been bad, very bad. I will go now and warn the other settlers.

MR. MILLET. Well, thank you, Scout. We won't delay but will go in the morning. Good night.

SCOUT. Good night.

[MR. MILLET *stands for a moment in deep thought.*

MRS. MILLET *runs out of the house to him. Puts her hand on his arm.*]

MRS. MILLET. Oh father, what did the Scout have to tell you? We have been so happy here. . . . I just know the Indians are threatening us again. . . . Is it not so?

MR. MILLET [*puts his hand on her shoulder*]. Yes, mother, we move to the block house in the morning. Scout thinks they are planning a raid of some kind, but they have only

one kind—murder and pillage. He is a day ahead, so we don't need to go tonight, but we must start early in the morning.

[As they walk slowly back, the son GEORGE, the daughter ANNIE, and HENRY WORTHLEY come through the door. ANNIE goes up to her mother.]

ANNIE. Oh, mother, what is it? When the Scout didn't stay for supper, I know it is bad news. . . . Oh, what is it?

MRS. MILLET. The block house, my child. We must pack now, for we go in the morning.

MR. MILLET. I think it won't be very long. They will probably sack this place and then leave. I only hope they won't burn the cabin. They have been in Falmouth and in Yarmouth—shot a man from his horse—Jim Taylor, maybe. . . . He rides a good deal. Megquier and Stinchfield went hunting from the blockhouse two days ago, and there are fears for their safety. They got John Woodman and another man that the Scout couldn't tell who he was. . . . Now we must get to work.

[All exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE II

This scene is at the block house. They have been there some three weeks. As yet they have seen nothing of the Indians.

[MRS. MILLET is hanging out clothes in the yard.

GEORGE and ANNIE come out.]

ANNIE. Oh, mother, can't George and I go over to the cabin? I want to get my patchwork. You know we came away in such a hurry, I forgot it; and we haven't heard anything about the Indians since we left and the Scout hasn't been round to tell us any news. Please let us go.

MRS. MILLET. Oh, my dear, I don't know what to say. Your father is down to the river and Henry is with him. I do not know.

GEORGE. Annie does want to go so bad, mother. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take my gun and if we are molested I will fire two shots and that will show them what to do.

MRS. MILLET. Well, be careful and *hurry back*. I shall worry until I see you—and I don't know what your father will say. Go and ask Mr. Snow, George. [*Both exeunt.*]

[GEORGE and ANNIE return.]

GEORGE. Mr. Snow doesn't really know what to say, but he thinks if I fire the gun as agreed, we can be saved.

ANNIE. Oh, yes, mother, we will be back in no time, and with the gun I know it will be all right. Good-bye, mother dear. [*Both exeunt.*]

MRS. MILLET [*picking up her basket*]. Oh, I don't think I should have said Yes. I wish Henry was here; he is so wise, and I know he is in love with Annie.

[*An Indian lurking in the shadow of the block house hears the conversation of GEORGE and ANNIE, reports it, and when halfway to the cabin, GEORGE and ANNIE are taken prisoners.*]

[*Two shots are heard. HENRY comes around the corner into the yard and MRS. MILLET comes out.*]

HENRY. Mrs. Millet, what does that mean? Where is Annie?

MRS. MILLET. Oh Henry, she and George have gone to the cabin. I never should have consented, but you weren't here, neither was John. That shot was George's signal if they were molested. Henry, you *must* save her! [*clasps her hands in an agonized manner*].

HENRY. Indeed I will. Never fear, Mrs. Millet.

[*Exit HENRY.*]

[*MRS. MILLET leans against a post. HENRY rushes back.*]

HENRY. Mrs. Millet, the Scout is here and is going with us, so have no fear.

[*A pause here—two days elapse.*]

[*Voices are heard and MR. MILLET appears round the corner, quite excited.*]

MR. MILLET. Mother, the children are all safe.

[*MRS. MILLET, with several women and men, appears just as GEORGE, ANNIE, HENRY, young EVELETH and SNOW come around the corner, with the SCOUT in*

the rear—and a dog, if feasible. There are greetings all round, then MRS. MILLET *goes up to the* SCOUT.]

MRS. MILLET. Oh, Scout, you have saved our children and our happiness! What should we have done without you?

SCOUT. Well now, mum, they were a pretty brave lot. Even Annie here kept her head. We found a piece of her dress and then she dropped a neck ribbon, so we followed. I saw the canoes, George in one and Annie in the other, behind. I was afeared for him for he had shot one of the varmints, and you know they don't forget. I knowed where they would camp, so the four of us cut through the woods. But Brave, my dog, knows what to do better than I. He ferreted out the wigwam where George was. So I cut him free and Brave took him down to Eveleth and Snow and their canoe. They were followed by Indian canoes but Eveleth's aim was good and when one varmint fell he tipped the canoe and the other two couldn't recover in the falls. George's hand was steady and in spite of a wicked shot in his thigh he guided the canoe through the falls, praise be! I knew where their wigwams and the supplies were, so I touched those off. I knew there would be a lot of excitement then. That Henry might know where Annie was, I showed him that first. He cut her free and they were off. One of 'em most got me, but Brave took care of that — so here we be.

MRS. MILLET. Oh, oh! How can we thank you?

[HENRY *stands beside* ANNIE, *holding her hand.*]

SCOUT. Huh? Just invite me to the weddin'.

HENRY [*looking at* MR. *and* MRS. MILLET]. May I have her?

[MR. MILLET *takes* HENRY'S *hand.*]

MR. MILLET. My boy, you have been my choice for some time. [*His voice breaks.*]

MRS. MILLET [*a bit teary*]. Yes indeed, we do invite you all—but come in now and have supper—all of you. Such a day! Such a day!

[HENRY *goes to* GEORGE.]

HENRY. Lean on me, George—you valiant youth!

[*All exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II

[*To be read before* ACT III.]

The Indians in this section were the Saco, or Sokokis, as they were sometimes called, and belonged to the Algonquin stock. They occupied all the most desirable locations of southwestern Maine along the coast and lower sections of our rivers. Wars, disease, and the coming of the settlers drove many northward and greatly decreased their numbers. As the years rolled on and settlements increased, a strong desire arose for a separation of the Province of Maine, and the plan was much discussed even as early as 1784 and 1785.

In these closing scenes we are presenting the separation of Maine from Massachusetts. The time is about 1819. The next scene takes you to the home of General Allen, with the following characters:

MRS. ALLEN	Mrs. Lewis True
GENERAL ALLEN	Donald Chandler
GENERAL FESSENDEN	Howard Emery
MAJOR EVELETH	Asa Hodgkins
THE MAID	Miss Louise Chamberlain

ACT III

SCENE II

[GENERAL ALLEN *sits at a table. A MAID enters.*]

MAID. General Fessenden and Major Eveleth to see you, sir.

GENERAL ALLEN. Show them in, Mary, then bring the decanter and the glasses.

[*Exit MARY. Enter the GENERAL and MAJOR. They greet GEN'L ALLEN, put their hats on the table, and all sit.*]

GENERAL ALLEN. Just back from Boston, I hear, Sam. Well, what is all this poppycockery about the Province becoming a state? We are well enough as we are. We are all right as we are, as I see it. Why not let well enough alone?

GENERAL FESSENDEN. No, William, I do not agree with

you. Massachusetts keeps us to help feather her own nest, so to speak. Now in the late war, for instance, did she help us? No. She took away our militia and left no one to defend our frontier. Maine belongs to us, William, separate and independent from Massachusetts.

GENERAL ALLEN. Sho, now, Sam. What has happened to change your mind? Something new to hear you talk like this.

GENERAL FESSENDEN. Yes, William, I have changed my mind. I have given the matter serious thought. We should be an independent state. We should not be controlled by power outside the state, and steps are being taken to bring about a separation.

[GENERAL ALLEN *pours from the decanter which MARY has brought in and put on the table while the men were talking; passes the glasses, and they all drink.*]

GENERAL FESSENDEN. Pretty smooth, William. I could almost drink to the new state in that. It's coming—I know it—and very soon now we shall be called upon to vote on the measure.

[*They all rise, put their glasses on the table. GENERAL FESSENDEN and MAJOR EVELETH pick up their hats.*]

GENERAL ALLEN. Well, I can't see it yet, gentlemen, but I may—I may.

MAJOR EVELETH. You have to admit this, William—that all her work was put into Boston, and Portland was left to shift for herself. Sam has convinced me and I feel sure he will you.

[*They shake hands and exeunt.*]

[GENERAL ALLEN *sits in a pensive mood. Presently his wife enters, sits.*]

MRS. ALLEN. Well, what did Sam and the Major want, father?

GENERAL ALLEN. Well, what *do* you think, Rachel? Sam came to say that he wants Maine to be a state, independent of Massachusetts—to come out and shift for herself. I feel sort of stunned. They both think I will come to see it as they do. I wonder . . .

RACHEL. But William, do you think we have able men enough, equal to running a state?

GENERAL ALLEN. I am a bit doubtful, but Sam seems to think it *should be*, and will work out all right. A meeting will be called in all the towns to vote on the proposal and that will decide the question.

[*The MAID comes to the door and calls to supper.*]

[*All exeunt.*]

[*To be read before ACT III, Scene II.*]

On October 11, 1819 a convention met at Portland to frame the constitution for the new state. There was a contest over the name, but MAINE had the preference by a great majority. And, as a result of the Missouri Compromise, President Monroe signed the Maine Bill, on March 3, 1820; and on March 15 the final separation papers were signed.

ACT III

SCENE II

Some months later: MRS. ALLEN sits, knitting. The GENERAL enters.

GENERAL ALLEN [*while removing hat and outside coat*]. It's pretty cold out. Thermometer runs pretty low. I met Sam just now and he is feeling pretty discouraged over the situation.

MRS. ALLEN. Why, William, what is the trouble now? Didn't we vote last July to be a state, and weren't over two-thirds of the voters for it? Then they met and adopted a constitution and then applied to Congress for admission. Where is the hitch now?

GENERAL ALLEN. Slavery, mother, slavery.

MRS. ALLEN. Slavery! Why, what do you mean? We have no slaves here.

GENERAL ALLEN. I know, Rachel, but you see, it's this way: Missouri, a territory, has applied for admission at the same time, but having many slaves she wished to get in without any conditions against slavery. The supporters of slavery are very crafty, so they coupled the Territory and the District and brought them before Congress in the same bill, that each might share the other's fate. The bill has been held up there for some weeks and people are a bit discouraged. If it isn't admitted before the 15th of March, we shall be only a territory. The third of March was the date and it is past that now.

[A knock is heard on the door and the GENERAL opens it, admitting GENERAL FESSENDEN.]

GENERAL FESSENDEN. William, open your best bottle and let us drink to the twenty-second state in the Union.

GENERAL ALLEN. Sam! Is it true? When did you hear?

GENERAL FESSENDEN. Yes, soon after I left you the word came. We shook Missouri and came in after all, as a state, on March the third. We made history on that day.

MRS. ALLEN. Come into the dining room. We will celebrate by both drinking and eating.

GENERAL FESSENDEN. I told you, William, it would surely come.

GENERAL ALLEN. Yes, Sam, and I have come to see it your way.

[All exeunt.]

THE END

